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FROM

BOSTON TO LITTLETON,

THROUGH THE

NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY B. K. Z.

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1867
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PREFACE.

These hasty Letters were scribbled, more than two years ago, for the amusement of the traveller himself, and the perusal of a beloved Niece, who was left at home to keep the fire burning. They, shortly after, made their appearance, at the urgent solicitation of the Editor of the Baltimore Patriot, in his Paper. They are now printed—not for the use, or abuse, of that great personage—the Public—but for the gratification of MYSELF.

B. K. Z.

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A TRIP FROM BOSTON TO LITTLETON.

Concord, N. H., August 15, 1833.

My Dear F.—

I have placed myself at a little table to write you a letter. "And why have you not done it earlier? Why pass over more than half a thousand miles, without sending home a single syllable to give life to our lonely hours?" For the best reason in the world. I had nothing to say. The ground we travelled over, you had been jolted on, again and again. Could I tell you any thing new of the city of "Brotherly Love," or of the "Renowned city of Gotham?" I could only have reiterated the hundred times "told tale," that they are both large cities, and that the prosperity and enterprise of their inhabitants are daily rendering them larger, and richer, and more magnificent. And what could I have said of New Haven—that favored seat of Science and Refinement? The long range of her lofty temples of learning, you know, full well, have, for scores of years, reflected the light of knowledge, and of life eternal, over the darkened and guilty earth. What of Hartford?—that "scorned" city of the misnamed "Seditious Convention?" The bones of Hooker, whose enraptured spirit is now singing, with archangels, anthems of praise to "Him who sitteth on the throne," rest here, in unmolested quietude. I passed a moment in gazing at his grave, and reading the half obliterated chronicle, carved on the stone that covers it. The noble edifices, which adorn the back grounds of this thriving city, attract the stranger's eye, as he stands on the steam-boat deck, winding her way up the broad Connecticut to her destined moorings. The philanthropist's countenance brightens, when he is informed, that in these ornamental and spacious buildings, the child of misfortune, the deaf-mute, the more favored youth, who loves to climb the rugged hill of knowledge, and "crazy Kate," are all enjoying blessings of no ordinary character. It would have been loss of ink, and paper, and time, to have told you, that the old "Charter Oak" still stands on the acclivity of the little hill, reluctantly bending

his stiffened branches before the impetuous northern blast. "Yes, indeed, it would, for I have idled away many a sunny hour of my school-day girlhood, under its broad and cooling shade." I remember it well. But when we entered the metropolis of the north, we had gone beyond the parrallel of your latitude—we had reached a region of the Union, whose objects possess the charm of novelty—at least for you. At Boston, then, let the journal of our travels commence.

Here we saw much to entertain and delight us. Among the first objects visited, was one of Scottish origin. It was an exhibition of four statues, large as life, wrought in hard stone, by the self-taught artist, Thom, viz: Tam O'Shanter, Souter Jonny, and the Landlord and Landlady—an exhibition of thrilling interest—an exhibition, the objects of which will render imperishable the reputation of the unlettered sculptor. Who has not read, and split his sides with laughter, while reading, Burn's "Tam O'Shanter?" That is *description*, graphic, indeed. This is chiselled *reality*, no less graphic. There, the ear listens, and is delighted. Here, the eye—a better sense—gazes and is charmed.

We spent an evening and a morning at Nahant—inhaling the reviving sea breezes. This is a pretty little village—neat, and, at this time, full of bustle. It has one large hotel, which is thronged with visitants. Nahant is a fashionable retreat for the Bostonians, during the roasting heats of summer. In returning to Boston, I was pleased to meet, among our boat companions, an old acquaintance, the Rev. Dr. Kirkland—late president of Havard University, as sprightly, and as entertaining as ever. His lady was with him. Half an hour I passed, delightfully, in listening to the story of their wanderings on the old continent. No other Americans have ever enjoyed such facilities for gaining valuable information. They were allowed access to nearly all the most interesting curiosities of Europe, Asia and Africa. It was, to the small party which gathered around the speaker, a "feast of reason." I had often *read* descriptions of the pyramids of Egypt—of the Holy city—of the Ottoman monarch's seraglio; but how unanimating—how frigid are these, in comparison with the oral relations of travellers, of the highest worth, who, but yesterday, clambered up these pyramids, *in persona*, paced the magnificent halls of the Turkish Sovereign's palace—and walked over the identi-

cal ground, which drank in the blood of the Son of God! This imparted to our bosoms heart-felt pleasure. It was next to being ourselves in those oriental regions—breathing the mild air of Palestine, or ransacking the mummy pits of old Thebes.

We passed a pleasant, mournful hour, in riding over the sepulchral grounds of Mount Auburn, and in viewing the costly dwellings of the dead. The territory, consecrated to this holy purpose, is rugged, as the surface of the stormy ocean, and mostly overspread with trees, and brushwood, of natural growth. It is spacious, containing many acres, and is divided into different tracts, by beautiful roads, and serpentine avenues, each bearing the name of some forest, or horticultural plant. The tombs are, as yet, "few and far asunder," but are fast multiplying. Several are now being built—others, recently completed, are waiting to be occupied. Here and there, one is already tenanted. They are all built of massy blocks of granite, and closed with pondrous iron doors. We paused a moment before the "long home" of Hannah Adams, the historian, whose mortal remains were the first interred in the romantic and picturesque grounds of Mount Auburn. It is surmounted by a neat marble monument. Here, too, repose the ashes of Ashmun—the Negro's friend, the friend of man, and of God. These enclosures, though not yet populous,

"Death, the great proprietor of all,"

will shortly fill. What a countless multitude of the rich, and the great, will another century see congregated in this sequestered Aceldama! And yet, who can refrain from casting an eye still further onward, to the gloomy day, when, in the hoary age of our now happy Republic, a new race of Goths and Vandals will tear open these strong holds of the dead, and scatter their contents to the four winds.

We visited, repeatedly, the gallery of paintings at the Athenæum, among which the admirers of the works of the pencil might linger for weeks, and then go away unsated—a collection, in which we saw many of the richest productions of the old painters, and some of the most celebrated pictures of the modern descendants of Apelles.

We were greeted with a hearty shake of the hand, by numerous old friends—shared largely in their unbounded hospitality—talked

over the deeds of other years—recalled to vivid recollection the frolics of our college days, when the heart was young, and shot its tendrils into other congenial hearts, intertwining and interlacing, till a union was formed, which the roll of years, and the fluctuations of fortune, have no power to dissolve. We surveyed the changes—and they are marvellous—which twenty years have wrought in this city of the pilgrims—now filled with magnificent palaces—built of everlasting stone—built for eternity. After passing four days, delightfully, in this Athens of New England—where riches, and learning, and hospitality all cluster, and flourish together—where opulence has its homage, but science its higher homage—we reluctantly bade a last adieu to the few associates of our youth, who are still spared from the dust—and took our departure from the Tremont House, (and a better hotel we have never seen) in the stage for Lowell, drawn by six prancing steeds. Crossing one of the long bridges, which bestride Charles river, I could not help casting a "longing, lingering look behind," and saying within myself, Farewell, Boston, a long, an everlasting farewell to the city I love, above all others on earth,—where I have whiled away many an happy hour, in years that have flitted by, never, never to return.

We passed through Medford, Woburn—the birth-place of the late Count Rumford—Billerica, and Chelmsford, noted for its exhaustless quarries of beautiful granite, of which many of the most superb edifices in Boston are built. We saw the busy labors of the Rail-road, which is shortly to link Lowell, the manufacturer, to Boston, the mart of her wares. We saw the Middlesex canal—the oldest in the Union, bearing, on its bosom, boats, loaded with iron, and coal, and cotton, all destined for the place of spools. Suddenly the stage stops, amidst a little Babel—a throng innumerable of people of all tongues, the noise of rushing waters, and the rattling of a thousand machines. Driver, what city is this? There was nothing here twenty-five years ago. "No, nor fifteen, sir. But it is no city; it is the village of Lowell." A village! It should be a city. It is the Manchester of America. What a bustle! what a scene of activity! I have witnessed nothing like it on this side of the Atlantic. Here, Industry throws her shuttle, and out springs a fabric, which is destined to travel over half the globe, to adorn the fair daughters of

Eve, in Maine, in Ohio, in Mexico, on the scattered islands of the Pacific, or to warm the shivering limbs of her hardy sons in far distant regions of the North. The stage gave us no time to breathe—it whirled onward, while we were counting, I know not how many, elegant churches, and steepled school-houses, and long and lofty factories, filled with flesh, and bones and spirit, all toiling, bee-like, for the rest of their race. Lowell, like the setting sun, soon fell below our horizon.

We crossed the Merrimac on a substantial wooden bridge. This river, owing to its windings, its rapids, and its shallowness, is far less favorable to boat navigation, than its sister stream, the Connecticut, which laves the western boundary of New Hampshire. In traversing Pelham, Windham, Londonderry and Bow, we observed nothing of peculiar novelty, or interest, to engage our attention. The country appeared, every where, judiciously husbanded and prosperous—the crops abundant—orchards bending under ponderous loads of fruit—chiefly the apple—we saw no peaches, and but few pears. One of the most agreeable objects, which these townships presented to our organs of vision, was the numberless fields of wheat, seen on every hand, mature for the sickle, and agitated into a myriad of unspeakably beautiful waves of gold by a gentle breeze—fields, too, where, in my boyish days, little, or no wheat was grown, nor were the lands, then, deemed capable of yielding to their cultivator, so rich a reward for the sweat of his brow.

We reached this place—Concord—just as the goddess of night began to spread her sooty mantle over the face of wearied nature. The darkness was premature. Half an hour before our arrival, the sun went down behind a dense, shaggy, menacing cloud, which shortly extended itself over the whole celestial vault. The lightning now streaked athwart the sky, shooting out its zig-zag ramifications in every imaginable form—the thunder roared and rolled, like the sound of a hundred cannon, followed by its long-continued echo—the windows of heaven were open wide, and the rain was poured down in torrents.

Resolved to see, what could be seen, under such inauspicious circumstances, I took my umbrella, and, venturing forth, under the peltings of the merciless storm, soon saw enough to convince me, that

Concord is one of the largest, and handsomest villages in New England. It is built near the Merrimac, on an extensive plain, limited on the north by a large tract of alluvial land, formed by the river, and rendered as exhuberant by it, as the richest in the valley of the Mississippi, or of the Nile. The public buildings are, a large, well-proportioned state-house, constructed of granite, of an excellent quality, which, we are told, is indigenous in this neighborhood ; a state-prison, built of the same material ; an academy, town-house, bank, and four or five meeting-houses. The number of dwellings is about two hundred. They are ranged, chiefly, on two long parallel streets, situated on the west bank of the river, and wear the appearance of uncommon neatness. They are all commodious—some elegant, and a few of them are splendid, and furnished with large and tasteful gardens.

At one of the hotels in this village, we had the good fortune to meet that accomplished man, Matthew St. Clair Clarke, Clerk to the House of Representatives of the U. S., busily occupied in transcribing old records, found among the archives of New Hampshire, in obedience, we believe, to an order of Congress.

Yours, ever,

B. K. Z.

LETTER II.

Centre-Harbor, August 16, 1833.

My Dear F.—

We were torn from the arms of Morpheus this morning, by the noisy stage-driver, and posted off, before cock-crowing, northward. Passing from Concord to Boscawan, in the early twilight, we were pointed to an island—Duston's island—situated near the mouth of the Contoocook, where Mrs. Duston, an inhabitant of Haverhill, Mass., with the story of whose captivity by the Indians, you are familiar, raising her valorous arm, nerved by insult and the fear of the gauntlet, slew, and scalped her inhuman captivators, and effected her escape.

We breakfasted at Franklin, formerly a part of Salisbury, in the old house where Daniel Webster, the Orator, the Statesman, the Defender of the Constitution, passed his boyhood—he was born in a dwelling a few rods distant. At table, we were amused by the talkativeness of a decently dressed man of the mountains, whose hoary locks told us, that fourscore winters had travelled over his head. He gave us, in his vernacular language, a number of aencdotes respecting the Senator's father, and some of the occurrences in the greener years of the Senator himself.

"Judge Webster," said the old man, "kept this house, and a plagy good one it was, too. I've put up here a hundred times in my day. Every body thought a dreadful deal of the old Judge. He was the greatest man in these parts, I tell you. He did putty much as he was a mind to, and, by gingo, he always did right too, or the people thought he did, and that was the same thing!" Did you ever see Daniel, asked one of our party, when he was a boy? "See'd him? yes, a thousand times, and Zeke too. I've seen 'em both dance a jig in that are yard thare," pointing to the door-yard. What do you mean by that, said I.—"Why, I put up here one bitter cold night, and told the old Judge, I wanted to have my horse water'd and fed arely, 'cause I meant to jog on a piece before breakfast, and so he told the boys to do it. But when I got up in the morning—and it was a nation sight later than I thought it was—I went straight to the barn, and I'll be choak'd, if the cretur had a mite of hay, or oats, or water. I was darn'd mad—that's sartin—and went, putty quick step, and told the Judge. He rared right up, and bawled out 'Zeke! Dan!!' and gave 'em sich a trimming, as they didn't want to have agin, I tell you."

When we had become satisfied with our repast—and what Parisian *gourmand* would not be satisfied with such a multifarious *déjeûné*, it was a delicious meal—"I put down nothing in malice"—composed of mutton chops, potatoes, cheese, apple-sauce, cucumbers, butter, three kinds of cake, two sorts of pies, pickles, two bottles of cider, coffee and tea—a rich and *fashionable* breakfast, I assure you, in the estimation of the good people of these inland regions: and when we had become more than satisfied with the loquaciousness of

our octogenarian, we re-seated ourselves in the stage, and moved off towards the north pole.

The next township we entered was Sandbornton. In our progress this morning, we again crossed the Merrimac, or, as it is here called, the Pemigewasset; and shortly after, the Winnippiseogee river, or the eastern branch of the Merrimac. At Union Bridge, eighteen miles from Concord, our party were separated, and conveyed off in different directions, some for Haverhill on the Connecticut, and others on an excursion of pleasure among the White mountains. We, happening to belong to the latter and less fraction, were placed in a smaller, and less commodious carriage, moved by the power—or rather by the weakness—of two worn-out steeds, "ill-favored and lean-fleshed," and whose ribs were as distinguishable as the rails in the fence. You need not be told, that our progress was slow. The motion was like that of a French "Diligence," in old-time, just four miles an hour.

At eleven in the morning, we reached, unexpectedly, a little, beautiful, bustling village, planted at Meridith Bridge, the seat, apparently, of more business, mechanical, manufacturing and mercantile, than any place I had passed, north of Lowell. From this interesting bee-hive, in which we saw no drones, our road lay in the neighborhood of several splendid sheets of water—more splendid than their names are musical—such as 'Great Bay,' 'Long Bay,' 'Measly Pond,' &c. Thirteen miles brought us to Centre-Harbor—the place, where my old steel-pen is now hard at work, drilling out an "invaluable epistle" to transmit to you by the next mail.

Centre-Harbor is a township, limited on one side by the Squam, and, on the opposite, by the Winnippiseogee, or, as the dwellers around it say, Winnippis-sogga lake. I like this pronunciation. It is said to be that of the Indians, and who does not know, that their sound of their own words is infinitely more musical than ours.

This is as charming a spot, as the wildest imagination of the poet, or the novelist, ever led him to picture to himself. Here the boldest fictions of Asiatic romance become sober realities. You, my dear F., love to gaze at, and admire, the frolics, and the grandeur of nature. How I wish that you, and W. and J., and your whole house-hold were with us, at this moment, to participate in the

ecstatic pleasure we feel in beholding the numberless beauties and sublimities, which the Omnipotent hand has thrown together within our present chequered horizon.

Here, mountains are piled on mountains, till their lofty summits are literally lost in the heavens. Some of these enormous protuberances are environed by gray, fleecy, floating vapors, which render it impossible to ascertain, where the land terminates, and where the sky begins. Some shoot their bald heads, tipped with silver, far above the world of clouds, that clothe, in thick darkness, their midway zones, and, in awful majesty, seem to hang suspended from the immeasurable heights above. A lake—nature's mirror, the largest in New England—pure and picturesque as that of the trans-Atlantic Geneva, dotted with a hundred—report says, three hundred and sixty-five—islands, spreads itself before us. Good farm-houses and capacious barns, scattered among the distant hills—log cottages, recently erected, far up the rugged mountain sides—innumerable fields of wheat, diversifying the scene with spots of gold—orchards, loaded with the richest fruit—these, and a myriad of other objects, which I have not leisure to enumerate, go to constitute a landscape, whose beauty, and grandeur, and sublimity my poor pen possesses no power to describe.

We stepped from the carriage, just as a clock in a neighboring house, struck two—three or four hours after the steam-boat had taken its departure for the opposite extremity of the lake. A steam-boat! ! yes, a steam-boat, and a very convenient one, too, I am told, of ninety tons burden, here among the mountains! The fact astonishes me. It was totally unlooked for. Does it not speak loudly in praise of the enterprising spirit, that dwells in this Alpine corner of our beloved land?

As soon as we arrived, I procured of the inn-keeper, a fishing apparatus, stepped into a little boat, and, shoving off from the wharf into deep water, had the good fortune, in half an hour, to bring into another element four lusty fish—the only ones I had caught for twenty-six years. While attempting to beguile away from his home another of the finny tribe, I heard the well known voice of one, who stood on the margin of the glassy lake, cry "come to dinner." As in duty bound, and prompted by the yearnings of appetite, I

obeyed the summons—and the consequence was, the disappearance of two, or three fine, large pike, with the most gratifying accompaniments.

At four o'clock, we posted off from this fascinating place,—where the appetite and the eye had been sumptuously feasted—with the speed of a carrier pigeon. From Concord to Centre-Harbor, we had travelled in an extra stage. As no carriage could be procured in the latter village to-day,—they were all occupied in the conveyance of pleasure-seekers hither and thither—we were obliged to take our seats in a little Yankee *tomtiddy*, drawn by two powerful horses, stretched out "tandem," and managed by a legitimate great grandson of Jehu, the old. We flew, John Gilpin-like, over twenty-four miles, in two hours and a half, and lighted, where we now are, at Atkinson's tavern, in Eaton. And, here, my second chapter, which is twenty-nine verses too long already, must have its "Finis."

You are loved too well by

B. K. Z.

LETTER III.

Eaton, August, 17, 1833.

My Dear F.

I went, early this morning, accompanied by our attentive landlord, Mr. A., to examine the Eaton lead mine, from which an esteemed friend, in Fryeburg, Maine, sent me, some years since, a number of good specimens of galena and sulphate of lead. Brought, in our journeyings, so near to it, and being, in the language of Downingville, a pretty considerable sort of a sciolist in geology, mineralogy, ichthyology, and many other ologies, I could not deny myself the gratification of taking a personal peep at this somewhat celebrated ore bed. It is situated three and a half miles south-east from our resting place. We rode two miles, or more, on a tolerably good carriage-road ; the remainder of the way was an ordinary horse-path, over which, however, teams, and, perhaps, carriages, formerly travelled.

Ascending a moderate swell of land, we came first to a small, one-story building, which had been used as a boarding house for the

miners. Proceeding a few yards farther, we arrived at a number of heaps of galena and blende, broken into small fragments, and not more than fifty feet distant, was the source from which the ore had been derived. A shaft had been sunk—we know not to what depth, for it was filled with water to within eight or ten feet from the surface.

There is no nook of earth, in these wild regions, where the Master's hand has not left manifold traces of His wisdom, and of His unlimited power. Standing on the platform of the shaft, and turning your face to the east, you have, before you, a broad valley, dotted, here and there, with humble dwellings, beyond which, Ossipee mountain, rising to the height of two, or three thousand feet, covered with brushwood and a few straggling trees, of stinted growth, presents to your vision his bold front. On the left, and a little below you, lies Cook's pond, a beautiful oblong sheet of water, overspread by a splendid carpet of white and yellow lilies, now in fresh bloom, under which the darting pickerel play their gambols, little molested by the fear of man. This body of water appears to be an arm of Six Mile pond, along whose margin we travelled in the gray twilight of the last evening. On your right is a dense forest, composed, principally, of hard wood, of numerous sorts, growing on a slightly ascending plain.

At a short distance from the ore heaps, is a large, two-story edifice, built of wood, and intended for the residence of the superintendent of the works—new, but wretchedly finished, and already rickety. It belongs to the *sinking fund.* Its foundation is giving way. One of the fire places has fallen into the cellar. The floors are almost as uneven as the hillocks in a maize field. The whole will soon be a ruin. We entered it. No voice bade us welcome. The stillness of Jeremiah's dungeon reigned in it. We walked through its echoing apartments, and found, in one of the chambers, a parcel of the ore, which had evidently been culled from, again and again, by mineralogists, in quest of speeimens. They had, however, left one, which I eagerly seized ; it was a small piece of well characterized brucite. This edifice, to which the expression "fuit," will soon be applicable, cost, as Mr. A. informed me, two thousand dollars.

After the expenditure of much labor and money on this concern,

the noise of the hammer has ceased. The blasts of the miner are no longer heard, echoing and re-echoing among the mountains. The buzz of active business no longer falls on the ear of the approaching visitant. The whole affair is abandoned, or, at least, the operations are suspended. "Why? Is the ore worthless?" No. It is less rich than that of Missouri. The galena—I judge from its appearance only—will yield from 25 to 40 per cent of metallic lead. This, surely, would more than defray the expense of working it. "Pray is lead in much demand?" Yes, it has been in use, in all ages. I have no time now to point out its applications, nor could I do it, in less than half a day, if I had leisure. As you are a young lady, however, I will inform you, that the ladies of old Rome employed lead, in a certain state, as a cosmetic, or a beautifying commodity. The ancients used this metal, as the moderns do, to render harsh wines milder, but they were less guilty, or not guilty at all perhaps, for they did not know, as we do, that it was one of the most deadly poisons. Lead is much used in glazing earthenware; but I advise you, if you would avoid a sudden and painful death, never to eat apple sauce, or any thing sour, which has been kept in yellow earthen pots or pans. Through ignorance on this subject, many valuable lives have been lost. This metal is used for covering buildings, making aquaducts, &c. &c.

The sulphuret of zinc, connected with the galena, is very abundant, and too valuable to remain here unappropriated. "I have never seen this metal. Is it much used?" Not so much as it might be. *Le grand usage du zine*, says the Abbey Hauy, *est de former le laiton par son alliage avec le cuivre.* It is an important article in the composition, also, of pinchbeek, bronze, tombac, &c. It is more combustible than any other metal. You can set a thin leaf of it on fire by the heat of a candle. It may be pressed into thin plates, and applied to innumerable uses. In China, it circulates as a coin, and has a small square hole in it, that it may be suspended on a string. It is made into water pipes; is employed in roofing houses; is converted into medicine; is used as a pigment. The gangue, both of the galena and the blend, is quartz, mixed, here and there, with very brilliant specks of pink-colored fluate of lime. In the cavities of

the quartz, I observed several fine specimens of crystallized sulphate and carbonate of lead.

"Who are the owners of this property?" They are numerous, I understand; some residing in its vicinity, and some at a distance. One of its principal proprietors lived in Boston, but has lately deceased. Another, a gentleman of science and of enterprise, belongs to the Monumental City, which all the world knows, means Baltimore. He passed some time in this quarter, and had the good fortune, I am told, to impress on the minds of those, with whom he came in contact, a very favorable opinion of him, as a gentleman, and as a mineralogist. "Why does not this individual supply with lead the shot-towers of the city, he dwells in, from this mine? Why does he not procure, from the Eaton blende, zinc, in *quantum sufficit*, to overspread the roofs of the buildings, which are springing up, like mushrooms in an autumnal night, in all parts of that rapidly growing London of Maryland?" *Je ne peut pas dire.* Had I his knowledge, and his purse, I would do it, or, at least, make the trial, and I have no doubt, that the concern, if judiciously managed, might be rendered lucrative.

Night coming on, we left the hill, bearing away with us samples of every thing we had seen—not omitting the lilies—and cherishing a better opinion of the Eaton ore, than of the *manner* in which the late attempt was made to raise it from the earth, and separate the metal from its foreign associates.

The Concord stage arriving at 8 in the evening, we took seats in it for Conway—a distance of six miles—where I am now sitting, in a comfortable apartment, at Abbott's hotel, scribbling for your gratification, or, it may be, making an opiate for you. My companions have all retired for the night, and I am here, solitary as the lone owl upon the house-top. I am obliged to write, you see, on the wing. In these vagabond epistles,—I give you due notice—you must not expect to find Euclidian exactness. I will assure you, however, that nothing *erroneous* shall be put down from *design*—much may be from ignorance and from haste.—But I must away from the work of the quill. Sleep, with her stupifying wand, has nearly put a period to its motion. Your nocturnal lamp—for I now see it with my imagination's eye—burns dim and blue. It has been standing on the

hearth, two hours already, wasting its light on you, fast bound in the welcome embrace of

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

May God preserve you. Good night.

B. K. Z.

LETTER IV.

Conway, August 18, 1833.

My Dear F.—

The sun had travelled far up the eastern sky—meting out the hours of holy time—before we were prepared to come forth from our chamber to enjoy his cheering beams. We had expected, that our ears would be saluted by the animating music of the little church-going bell, but we are now told, that there will be no preaching here to-day. The clergyman is absent—gone to attend a literary jubilee—the public commencement at Dartmouth College—the only collegiate institution in New Hampshire, founded, as you know, in 1769—an institution, around which this joyous anniversary always assembles a large number of the cultivated intellects of this, and of the adjoining States. It is a homage, which the temples of sound learning should every where witness It is a homage, which the Greeks cheerfully, rapturously, paid at the Academy of Plato, at the Lyceum of Aristotle, and at all their public games. This homage *we* must pay to our seminaries of education, or the full foliage of the American tree of liberty will soon wither and die. Let the love of money—the ruling passion of our countrymen—totally supplant the love of learning; let a cheerless apathy brood over the minds of parents, in regard to the momentous subject of educating their sons—yes, and their daughters too—and shortly our free, and happy, and glorious institutions, purchased by the toil, and blood, of our brave forefathers, will flee away, like chaff before the whirlwind.

From the sequestered halls of old Dartmouth, how many men, of giant intellect, and of exalted worth have gone forth to enlighten, adorn and bless the world! Here were nourished, with the milk of wisdom, the Danas, the Worcesters, the Websters, the Woodburys, the Browns, the Ticknors, the Marshes, and a host of others, who have

already encircled, or who are now encircling, their brows with wreaths of undying fame.—But where am I roving?

This little village—composed of twenty, or thirty houses, a neat church, a commodious school-house, both painted white, and furnished with steeples, all standing on a broad alluvial plain, across which meanders the sprightly Saco—is, I am told, a sort of family concern, belonging to two or three brothers, by the name of Abbott. The father planted himself here, in olden time, amidst lofty pines, and prowling bears, and the howlings of savage men, and, in process of years, sleepless industry, wise economy, sterling integrity and approving Heaven, raised him to a respectable independence. A short time since, in ripe old age, he sunk into the tomb, and left his children, the unembarrassed proprietors of the large domain, on which he had expended the vigor of his manhood, and the decrepitude of his hoary years. His sons are men of enterprise and worth. The tavern, where we lodge, and where we find order, quietness and good fare, is kept by one of them.

White Mountain Post Office, Aug. 19, 1833.

At the early hour of five in the morning, we betook ourselves to the stage, which passes from Portland to Littleton. A copious rain had fallen in the night, and swollen the Saco, usually a pigmy stream, to a mighty river. Shall I put down all our disasters "by flood and field?" Our destined course lay up this river. On arriving at the place where it was to be forded, the driver informed us, that its bottom, here, was a quick-sand, and that his load—the stage was crowded with passengers—must be diminished before he would attempt to cross. We, "the lords of creation," readily debarked. The ladies —dear creatures—were first to be conveyed over in the stage, and then the gentlemen were to be honored with transportation—not to Botany Bay—but across this mountain Styx. The fairest and loveliest of our party we saw landed safe, without a limb broken, or a hair displaced, on the opposite bank. At that moment, a little one-horse wagon came up. Our *cocher* called out "let two of the gentlemen come over in the wagon, that my next load may be lighter." Two of our number complied, but your humble servant was not, I assure you, one of them. The gentlemen stood erect in the little

crazy vehicle, whilst the rustic waggoner took his station on the forward deck. The horse, proud of his genteel cargo, rushed forward, fearlessly, into the the middle of the torrent, and, there became fixed and moveless as Mount Atlas. The owner, armed with a hickory cudgel, now commenced active operations, first on his broad sides, then in front, and then astern, but all to no purpose. Bucephalus, Gallio like, "cared for none of these things." In the meantime, the whole affair was sinking deeper and deeper in the yielding quicksand—approaching nearer and nearer Simmes' farm, and who could decide that this was not the very entrance to it—perhaps the only one. The ladies, standing on yonder *terra firma*, in imminent danger of losing their *bigger halves*, were greatly alarmed. The torrent was, indeed, angry and powerful, and seemed, instantly, on the point of sweeping away horse, wagon and cargo to the boundless Atlantic. After our companions had remained ten or fifteen minutes in this perilous situation, the stage came to their rescue.

Being all safely over the water, we moved onward to Bartlett—sixteen miles from Conway—where we were refreshed with a good breakfast, at which we had the honor of the driver's company—no uncommon occurrence, we are told, in this boreal portion of the Union. And who would not desire this honor, when he saw, that the manager of the steeds was a well-dressed, a well-behaved, a well-informed man of thirty-five, tall, vigorous, ruddy-cheeked ; and was assured, that he was the sole proprietor of the line of stages, which ply between Conway and Littleton : and more especially, when he learned, that this gentleman stage-driver was one of the sage members of the sage legislature of the Neo-Hantoniensien commonwealth. You need not contract your risibles, Miss. These things are so. They are all matters of fact. "I'll be shot if they a'nt"—so be tranquil, and listen. The passengers actually contended with each other for the privilege of sitting on the driver's seat to converse with the legislator. The individual, to whom the prize was finally awarded, obtained, from his communicative lips, a fund of information, touching the principal measures of the incorruptible, immaculate managers of the legislature of New-Hampshire.—"But, enough of this."—No, let me edge in one word more. "Well, do it in a hurry." The drivers, in New England, I have found to be—to speak gene-

rally—the very antipodes of our's at the south. These are the owners, or, at least, the co-sharers of the profits of the concern; our's are mere hirelings, sheer eye-servants; these are careful, obliging, industrious—it is their interest to be so—our's are heedless, indolent, often headstrong and insolent.

From Bartlett, we travelled over seven miles of undulating lands, gently ascending, however, and then halted for a few moments, at a decent looking inn. It was kept by a most venerable old man, whose snow-white locks the last century began to bleach, and yet he walks with the firm step of manhood, erect, as the beautiful firs of the forest, which surrounds his lone abode. His name is Crawford, and he is well known by all, who have visited this romantic region within the last fifty years.

Here a most magnificent panorama—a scene altogether novel and stupendous—opened on our delighted vision. A valley, ten or twelve miles in length, and three or four in width, lay before us, encompassed by walls of granite—built by the hand of Omnipotence—of astonishing altitude and of frightful steepness.

> "The mountains that infold,
> In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
> Seem'd groups of giant kings, all dress'd in gold,
> That guard the enchanted ground."

This is, indeed, I could not help exclaiming, the Switzerland of the West. Such amazing grandeur—such terrific majesty, in the Almighty's works, I had never before witnessed.

Somewhere in this valley, a love-sick damsel, in times of yore, while following her loving swain, who had, unknown to her, departed from Jefferson, where they both resided, on a visit to a *neighbor's* in Bartlett—only thirty miles distant—found a snowy grave. The story is told by Dr. Dwight, who had more time and talent to tell it, than I can command.—As soon as a shoe was set on one of the horses, we were again in motion.

The next pause in our travels was at the Willey-house,—six miles up the lonely valley—in which no sounds were heard, save the murmurings of the Saco—now reduced to a diminutive streamlet—whose waters—like the wheels of time—were hurrying forward to be lost in the "vasty deep." Our eyes remained constantly rivet-

ted to the everlasting mountains, which accompanied us on our right hand, and on our left, around whose towering summits the clouds were ever frolicking, and whose long sides were striped, like ribbon-jasper, by the memorable avalanches of 1826.

The Willey-house! The stillness of the grave dwells here. Around it reigns "desolation horrific." Stones of fifty tons weight, and trees, without number, had been hurled from the lofty crags, and cast headlong on the world below. The house is small—a single story—having three or four contracted apartments. The different rooms exhibited nothing but broken chairs, broken vessels and straw. I need not relate to you the fate of its former peaceful, contented inmates. It is already known to you, and to all Christendom. I had heard of it, long since, in a distant State. But we were now on the identical spot, where the sad catastrophe occurred. Our imaginations pictured it as actually present, in all its freshness, and horror and solemnity. We felt, as those did, who walked over the battle-grounds of Chippewa, or Waterloo, the day after the deadly conflict took place; or as those do, who ramble, at dusky eve, among a wilderness of sepulchres, just built, and filled with the remains of the dead. The grave, it is said, preaches—and so does the Willey-house. Who can enter its thresh-hold, without reflecting on the change, the great, the momentous, the final change, which will shortly, and may, in an unlooked for hour, come over him?

None, but Heaven, knows the sensations of this lamented family on that awful night, when, far removed from human aid, and human counsel, the lightning, riving into shivers the sturdiest trees of the forest, poured down on the affrighted mortals an unintermitted stream of liquid fire; when the thunders rolled, and echoed, among the mountains, and the water rushed from the dense and angry clouds, not in rain, but in torrents, like those, which deluged the old world; when the rocks, and trees, and brush-wood, and soil, far up the mountain sides, loosened from their hold, came tumbling down, with more than earthquake sound. The elements were in wild uproar. I have said, the inhabitants of this isolated dwelling were alone. It is true; none were near, but God, and the angel of the storm. On every side, ghastly death stared them full in the face. In the midst of dangers, like these, who would not be terrified? The Willey-

house-hold, in the most fearful state of alarm, fled from their abode, to seek safety *somewhere*—they knew not where—and in their flight, were overtaken by an avalanche, and all—nine in number—were hurried into the unseen world.

The house is occupied in winter, we were informed, by two men, who furnish accommodations, of some sort, to teamsters and others, who are obliged to travel, in this dreary season, through this uninhabited wild.

From the Willey-house, we proceeded through the Notch—a deep, and narrow, and dark defile in the mountains, scarcely wide enough for the road, and the little Saco to pass—to Thomas Crawford's—a twig of the old tree, of the same name, already mentioned. The distance is two miles.

On the way, our attention was drawn to an object, at which a dweller on the rugged Alps, who is accustomed to view nature, clad in her grandest robes, would look with astonishment. It is a cascade, on the right of the road, the most picturesque, and beautiful, in my judgment, that man ever fixed his eyes on. "The stream runs over a series of rocks, almost perpendicular, with a course, so little broken, as to preserve the appearance of an uniform current, and yet so far disturbed as to be perfectly white." *C'est un spectacle vraiment magnifique.* It is of the size of a small mill-stream, and comes dancing down from rock to rock, from the height of near a mile, dashing and foaming, and resembling a continuous sheet of snow, stretched over the gray granite. This charming object—this cascade of liquid silver—is, my dear F., no fiction, nor is it of recent origin. It is a reality, it has been here, murmuring the same unvaried minstrelsy, night and day, ever since the waters of the Mosaic flood were assuaged, and Mount Washington raised its hoary summit above the surface of the briny deep. It has been the charm of thousands, and will yet be the charm of millions. We gazed at it ten minutes, in silent admiration. But I will leave it, undescribed. It is too fine, too sublime, to be meddled with by my blunt pen. It merits the pencil of a David, or a Morse.

We reached the "Upper Crawford's"—the first-born of the old patriarch, who resides at the foot of the mountain—precisely at two, P. M. This is the most elevated land in the United States, over

which a public road passes. We are making preparations for ascending Mount Washington to-morrow. You may expect to hear from me again, on the evening of that day, if the fatigue of the excursion do not send me too early to bed.

B. K. Z.

LETTER V.

Summit of Mount Washington, Aug. 20, 1833.

I commence this letter, dear F., on the pinnacle of the loftiest mountain* in the United States, east of the Mississippi ; where, or when, it will be completed, I know not. I am now seated on a rock; a rock is my table, and a rock my footstool.

At seven, in the morning, we took up our march for the mountain. The company consisted of seven individuals, viz: a father, a rustic, uneducated, good man, with three sons, the youngest, a lad, eight, or ten years of age. The old man told me, last evening, that he had, some twenty years ago, climbed up this wonderful peak, and was so deeply impressed with the power of its Maker, that he had promised his sons, if they would be good boys, that he would, when they were big enough, bring them here to see the mighty works of God. "And now," said he, patting the head of the youngest, "I have come to fulfil my promise. They are obedient, industrious children, and if I expect to be treated well by them, when I am old and helpless, I must treat them kindly, when they are young, and perform all my promises to them." What a lesson to parents! There is truth in it, and philosophy too. In addition to this family and myself, there was a spruce young man, recently married, a "Down Easter," who, with his "better half," had come hither to while away their honey-moon. He, mounted on his own steed, young, gay and prancing, presented a finer figure than any other in the whole *cortége*. Six of us rode on Crawfordite horses, not over-

*In a newspaper, notice was given, a short time since, that a mountain in North Carolina, had recently been ascertained to be of greater altitude than the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Whether this account is to be relied on, or not, I have no means, at present, of determining.

splendidly caparisoned. They were, indeed, shabby enough—had long tails, long manes, hair all over uncurried and shaggy, as a buffalo's. The saddles screaked sadly as we placed ourselves astride of them. Some of the bridle-reins were composed of old straps, fastened together by knots.

We cut a sorry figure, I assure you, as we passed off from the inn. Our knight-errant, proud of his horse and his equipage, galloped away ahead. "That are horse there won't run before us long, I tell you," said the guide. "He don't know one tenth part as much as our'n does. He ha'nt climbed up these hills sixty-eight times, as this 'ere horse has." We rode more than a mile on the turnpike-road, which leads to the Notch, and then took a path to the left. From the turnpike, we travelled five miles, on a road, incomparably worse than the worst of the Virginia horse-paths, and these, you, know, are, in all conscience, bad enough. The land, on both sides of it, is clothed with trees, fir, birch, spruce, maple and hemlock, of the ordinary forest size. The first half of this distance is nearly level, the last half gradually ascending, and the whole excessively wet. The horses, in many places, sunk in the mud, at every step, knee deep. Much of the path was paved, in the Yankee style, with rough logs and poles, thrown across it, just far enough asunder to allow the animal's feet to slip down between them to an immeasurable depth. Where the logs are wanting, nature's pavement exists, which is still more frightful and dangerous—the roots, interlacing with each other, form a sort of net-work, between the threads of which, a horse, unaccustomed to such travelling, is, perpetually, plunging his feet, and is, sometimes, unable to extricate them. Shortly after entering on this ineffably bad road, our companion of the fleet horse fell behind, and often met with trouble.

"Hallo! there, guide, halloo!" "What's the matter, there," thundered out the leader of the caravan, with a voice like Stentor's. "Matter enough, matter enough." "But what ails you!" "Why my horse has got his foot fastened among the roots, and can't get it out."—"Aye," said the exulting guide to me, who had the honor to precede all, but himself, "that's the fine horse!" The alarmed owner continued to vociferate, "pray come, and help, or the poor creature will break his leg." "Never mind," answered the guide, with

the most provoking *non chalance*, "have patience, and he will work it out." And so he did, but left the shoe.

We had now reached the head of horse navigation. The animals were fastened to branches of trees, and their riders, from this point, became pedestrians, and, sometimes, quadrupeds. Moving forward a short distance, we arrived at the spot, where formerly stood the "Wigwam," or "Camp," in which those individuals lodged, or, rather *stayed*, over night, who designed to be on the summit at sunrising. Here, a fine, bubbling spring of delicious water, which, doubtless, has its origin in an ice-cellar, hidden, somewhere, in the wilderness of rocks above us, offered itself for our refreshment. Spirits and wine had been proffered us at Crawford's, for our use in supporting the fatigues of this day's excursion, but both were declined. Here, we rested ourselves a few moments under an umbrageous fir tree—ate our lunch of crackers and cheese, and slaked our thirst at this living fountain, whose pellucid liquid was, a thousand fold, more agreeable to us, than would have been, that greatest of man's foes—*au de vie*—or rather—*au de mort*—for it excites, and lulls, only to destroy. Between the turnpike and the "camp," we crossed the Ammonoosuc six, or seven times, and witnessed, every where, in the immense, heterogeneous masses of logs and roots, and stones and earth, the desolating effects of the flood of 1826. From this resting place, we had three miles to clamber. It was now half after nine, and we intended, if possible, to reach the object of our toil before mid-day.

Continuing our march, we soon arrived at the foot of an aclivity of four or five hundred feet, in almost perpendicular height. To scale that elevation, thought I, *hoc opus, hic labor est.* It is called "Jacob's Ladder." I must stop, a moment, said I to the party, to examine the rocks, which form the steps of this physical *escalier.* They are altogether different from any I have seen in the neighborhood of the mountains. They are mica-slate, and micaceous schistus. Most of the rocks, which have fallen under my observation, in this quarter, are granite, and, here, let me say, once for all, that above this point, the mere mineralogist will find few things to interest him. He will see huge blocks of gneiss, and a mongrel sort of granite, in which are sparingly scattered dodecahedral crystals of

garnet ; here and there, crystals of mica, black, red and silvery ; crystalized feldspar, schorl, beryl, magnetic oxide of iron, and hornblende. "Don't stop forever, there, at the head of the Ladder," cried the guide to me, in a half angry, and half playful tone. But I wish to rest a moment. My legs ache. "Your legs ache ! Then they'll ache in earnest, I'll tell you, before they get away up to the top of them bald rocks there."

Advancing a mile farther, we found ourselves surrounded by a dense forest, formed of trees of Lilliputian size—none more than ten, or twelve feet high ; these were soon succeeded by trees still more dwarfish—chiefly the fir—a thousand years old, perhaps, having their dark ever-green branches interlocked, and woven together so firmly, that we walked on them, without being apprehensive of falling through. This was, indeed, a novel scene to me. I was stalking, fearlessly along, over the top of a wilderness, which had veiled the ground for centuries, and yet not a tree in it rose to one third of my own height. For the gratification of your curiosity, I shall bring you one of the largest trees, which grow within a mile and a quarter of the apex, *in my* VALISE ! It is a well-proportioned fir, and was, it may be, growing here, when Julius Cæsar invaded Great Britain. These give place, as you ascend, to those of a minuter grade, being only a few inches in altitude ; and these, again, to little else but lichens, of numerous species, overspreading most of the rocks, which constitute the "Upper Cone."

I am surprised to find every thing in these Alpine regions *out of place.* The rocks are all broken in pieces—the work of the Titans, perhaps, in their wars against the gods—when they hurled these ponderous blocks of granite at their foes, as boys now do snowballs. But why not suppose, that this entire cone once constituted an integral part of the rocky selenian Appenines, which make so prominent a figure on the surface of Madam Luna, and that her ladyship, in a fit of hystericks, kicked it off, and whirling, and whirling, and whirling, it at length formed a—not water—but rock-spout, and was all poured together, in the wildest, and boldest, and strangest confusion on this boreal spot. Who can doubt it? None, we think, who gives credence to Laplace's theory of meteoric stones. In our toilsome journey, and at short distances from each other, we

met with springs of excellent water, gushing from the crevices of the rocks—affording us a luxury, which was exceedingly grateful to our parched lips.

We reached the summit, just as the ruler of day was crossing his mid-way line. Our party were in raptures. The prospect! I cannot describe it. The pencil cannot. Such a broad horizon—a hundred and sixty, or eighty miles in diameter—never before expanded itself to my vision. My sensations were delightful. The highest anticipations we had cherished, of the grandeur of the scene, fell infinitely below the reality. All our toil was forgotten. The view, from this lofty point, of the world below, and around us, is truly magnificent—worth "a voyage"—not only "across the Atlantic," but to the Sandwich Islands. The day is superb. The heavens are cloudless. No floating vapor dims the noon-day lustre of the sun, as he careers, in glory, along the cerulean vault.

We now stand, according to Captain Partridge's admeasurement, 6234 feet above the level of the ocean. The historian of Vermont —Dr. Williams—makes our elevation 7800 feet. Dr. Cutler supposes it to be 10,000, and Dr. Belknap—the able historian of New Hampshire, runs still wider from the truth. The estimates, however, of the two last named gentlemen, were the work of the imagination—an instrument less trust-worthy than a good barometer, or quadrant.

Travellers have complained of the severity of the cold they have experienced here, even in the months of July and August. A Mr. Little states, that he was unable to carve his name on the rocks, without frequently warming his hands. This all-important operation was effected by most of our number, and yet no one felt the slightest unpleasant sensation of cold. The atmosphere, which rests on Mount Washington, is less heated, and less dense, than it is at Crawford's, but the difference, in our case, is scarcely perceptible.

Dr. Cutler says, "The Mountain has three distinct zones. 1st. The woods. 2d. The bald mossy part. 3d. The part above vegetation." There is, strictly speaking, no third zone ; for there is no part entirely destitute of vegetation. We find grass growing in the crevices of the rocks, even on the very pinnacle, and, also, a consid-

erable variety of other small plants, now in full blossom. Mosses occur every where, thinly veiling the rocks in velvet green.

It is impossible to name a hundredth part of the objects of thrilling interest, embraced within the almost boundless circumference of our vision. A number of the peaks of the White Mountains will carry down, to a far distant age, the names of the early Presidents of the United States, and of other distinguished men, who figured nobly in the politico-military drama of the American revolution. Mt. Jefferson is the first seen on the north from Mt. Washington. The next, in the same direction, is Mt. Adams, which, if once seen, will never be forgotten. Its apex forms an acuter angle than any of the others. Mt. Madison occupies a stand at the east. On the south, are Mts. Monroe, Franklin and Pleasant. The last has a sugar-loaf shaped summit.

What! a pond here! and placed but a few rods below the very acme of Mt. Washington! Has it any name, guide? "Yes, it is 'The Lake of the Clouds'." This, surely, is no misnomer. The clouds come here to rest, and to drink, often. Let us go to it. It covers more than half an acre of ground, or rather, of rocks. Its water is limpid, as the Pit diamond, and deep. We drank of it, and never drank better. No fish ruffles its surface, or disturbs its tranquillity. No vegetables are seen on its margin. This "Lake of the Clouds," is fed by a small spring, whose waters enter it on the south-east, and are the "head stream of the Ammonoosuc." A rivulet, issuing from the lake, commences its descent, and, dashing and roaring and foaming, in its headlong course of several thousand feet, is poured into the mountain valley, near the "Wigwam." Another sheet of water, of less dimensions, appears at a short distance to the north-west.

We returned to the summit, to take a farewell view of a prospect, broader, and more picturesque and grand, than will ever again open itself to my mortal eye.—On the south-east and south, we saw, with different degrees of distinctness, many mountain peaks of various elevations; the romantic lake, Winnippiseogee, studded with countless islands; Long pond, Lovell's pond, famous for a battle fought near it, by Lovell and the Indians; the valley of the Saco, and much of the road, which threads it. The blue Atlantic, unseen by

us, and Portland, the commercial emporium of Maine, are, it is said, clearly visible by the aid of a telescope. On the north-east, we overlooked the vale of the Androscoggin, replete with wild and interesting scenery. On the north, appeared the glassy surface of lake Umbagog, environed by a rough, uncultivated, inhospitable country. To the south-west, the Grand Monadnoc raises his bald head a little above the dusky horizon. On the west, your eye surveys the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, and, beyond it, the long range of the Green Mountains ; and, still further off, if I do not misjudge, the lofty mountains, situated in New York, west of lake Champlain, are indistinctly visible.

To sum up the whole in five words—I must say, that the prospect from Mount Washington is unique. It is like nothing else. It is sublime in the highest degree, but it is the sublimity of nature, unaided and alone, or rather, of nature's God. Art has had no hand in the manufacture of the objects exhibited, or in their presentation.

It is altogether unlike the prospect from St. Paul's in London, where you look down on a million and a half of your fellow-beings, diminished to dwarfs, all in hurried motion, jostling, and impeding each other in their progress ; and by enlarging the circle a few miles, you embrace another million ; with villages countless, sumptuous villas, fine roads, radiating in all directions ; Greenwich Hill, surmounted by the Royal observatory, Westminster Abbey, where rest, in undisturbed repose, the ashes of poets, and warriors, and statesmen, and their royal masters ; the Thames, pursuing silently, his meandering course, through this little world of human habitations, and, lined on either side, as far down as the eye can reach, with ships innumerable from all nations. Here, most that appears in the superb picture, is the workmanship of man.

It is unlike the view from Salisbury Craig, in old Scotia, where your eye is greeted by a landscape of superlative beauty, comprehending the Athens of Great Britain—Edinburgh—the Old town, with long and narrow, and filthy streets, and lofty houses contrasting, forcibly, with the spacious, cleanly streets and magnificent buildings of the New city—Holy-Rood House, the habitation of the ancient Scottish monarchs—the Frith of Fourth, rolling its mighty tide into the German ocean—and a broad rim of country, on all sides, made up

of hills and dales, chequered with country seats, and groves, and cultivated fields, rendered rich as the garden of God. These prospects interest and charm the eye of the beholder ; but there is nothing in them, which fills the mind with astonishment and shivering awe. As to grandeur and solemn sublimity, they are vastly inferior to the view afforded from the loftiest of the White Mountains. This huge pile of primitive matter, essentially the same it was, when it came from the creative hand of Omnipotence—an immeasurable waste of rocks, overspread with lichens, and dwarfish evergreens, and margined by a dense, dark wilderness, which the axe will, probably, never level—is doomed, by the rigors of its elimate, to remain unaltered to the end of time.

"Descensus averni facilis." We arrived at Crawford's at six in the evening. There we continued, till the Portland stage of today made its appearance. We took passage in it for Littleton, where we now are, and where I intend to finish this already too long epistle.—Most of the country, between Crawford's and this place, is rough and in a state of nature, but is capable of being converted into the best land for pasturage. The road is passable, but not good.

What do I see ? A company of Indians ? It is so ; and who knows, but they are descendants of the once independent, but now humbled and pealed people, who were the original owners of this rich and lovely valley. A party of forty or fifty of the Aborigines—composed of men, squaws and pappooses—actually are encamped but a few rods from the inn, where we are resting our jolted frames ; some smoking, some throwing stones, some standing idle, some lying on the ground, some mothers *toting* about their infant offspring in baskets slung over their backs, and some offering brooms, and other articles of their own manufacture, for sale. I have not learned for what purpose they are here, nor have I time to go and interrogate them on the subject, as the tyrannic driver, under whose iron government we have placed ourselves, will allow us to remain in this village only fifteen minutes.

It is now 7 o'clock, P. M. We must travel nearly the whole night, crossing the Connecticut river on a bridge, to Concord, and thence, feeling our way, in moonless darkness, through forests and

over hills and dales, to Montpelier, the capital of Vermont. There we shall breakfast, and then pass onward, down the Onion river, hoping to reach Burlington at 4 o'clock, P. M., and take our births in the lake Champlain steam-boat, which will convey us, while locked in the arms of the old god of sleep, to White Hall, N. Y., in time for an early breakfast. There we shall resort to the stage, or canal-boat, which will bring us to Saratoga at the moment the *tout le mond*, assembled there, will be dining. Thence the rail-road car will whirl us forward to Albany, in season to take our places in a North-river steam-boat, which will arrive at the city of Gotham, soon after the dawning of the following day. We shall then step, immediately, into a Philadelphia boat, and reach that city at an early hour in the afternoon. We shall there take an evening boat, and expect to arrive at B. in the gloom of midnight—perhaps, before this letter will come into your hands—being—according to my hasty computation—but 80 hours in travelling from the White Mountain Post Office to the Monumental city—a distance of more than 600 miles! Had my good old grandmother, who, by the by, lived in the neighborhood of Salem, only dreamed, that her child of the third generation, would have been borne over such a space, in so brief a period, she would, I am persuaded, have been hung, or drowned for a witch.

I have now, my dear F., in some manner, fulfilled my promise, to give you the incidents of our tour.—The hurried sketch has, I trust, contributed to enliven the solitary hours of our absence. But the stage is waiting.

Adieu,

B. K. Z.

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